

George III For Twenty Shillings Did Grant to Thomas Jefferson

GEORGE III

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The Wonderful Natural Bridge.

THE RECORD OF THE ABOVE TRANSACTION IS DATED JULY 5, 1774.

Since then the property has passed through successive titles until, under the management of the present owners, it has become one of the best equipped and conducted, most thoroughly comfortable, interesting and healthful all-the-year Mountain Resorts in America. Located in the Blue Ridge at a junction of the C. & O. and N. & W. Railroads.

The Place for Your Vacation. Write for Booklet.

EVERYBODY SHOULD GO TO NATURAL BRIDGE.
One of the WORLD'S WONDERS at Your Very Door.

The view from the top of Mt. Jefferson is one of the most inspiring and picturesque in America. The Peaks of Otter are to be seen in the distance. Thunder Mountain, fifteen miles away, rears majestically into the clouds, four-fifths of a mile high. The green foothills and mountains of the Blue Ridge, bordering the glorious valley, stretch for miles to the limit of human vision in ravishing perspective and color. The jagged cliffs and ledges of the great north range of the

Appalachians vividly suggest the eternally snow-capped peaks of Switzerland. It is a sublime creation, a scene of indescribable beauty and magical mystery.

As a great diamond in a cluster of purest pearls, the awe-inspiring Natural Bridge is the dominant figure of this enchanting spot. Here Nature and man have joined forces in uniting all that makes for beauty, comfort and health, thus making of Natural Bridge one of the most desirable and satisfying places for rest, sight-seeing and recreation on this continent.

"I'm from Missouri"

Said a tourist, "I came to see your Natural Bridge and then to be on my way. I came, was shown, and have been here three weeks."

"It's the Natural Bridge for mine. Your hotel is all right. Beds, table and service suits me. The magnificent water, horseback rides, mountain climbing and swimming in the pool will keep me from using my health policy for a year at least. Well, it's a picture no artist can paint. I'm no poet, but I've been talking in rhyme ever since I hit the place. You Virginians should be here in such droves that there would be no room for Missouri folks."

Nature's Museum

BUCK HILL CAVE.—Recently explored. A half-mile tunnel opening into several immense caverns, containing wonderfully beautiful stalactite and stalagmite formations, underground streams, etc. Next to the Bridge, this natural wonder claims the attention of the visitor.

THE GLEN, LACE WATER FALLS, CATHEDRAL WALL, SALT-PETRE CAVE, ISABELLA STAIRWAY, HEMLOCK ISLAND, THE LOST RIVER, PULPIT ROCK, BALCONY FALLS, Etc.

Excursion to Natural Bridge

FROM OLD POINT, NEWPORT NEWS, WILLIAMSBURG AND RICHMOND VIA C. & O.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20th.
Round Trip \$4.50

Including Stage from Natural Bridge Station to Hotel.
Leave Old Point 6:00 A. M., Newport News 6:30 A. M., Williamsburg 7:15 A. M., and Richmond 10:00 A. M. Tickets good until Tuesday, August 25th.

Interesting Features

THE LAKE.—The recently completed concrete dam has provided a lake three-quarters of a mile long, upon which there is splendid boating. Streams nearby furnish good fishing. In fall and winter deer, bear, quail, turkey and other game may be had for the hunting on and in the mountains near the property. The Swimming Pool, 80 feet long and 30 feet wide, is supplied from a magnesia spring. Heated by electricity in the winter.

Bowling Alleys, Billiard and Pool-rooms, large Darning Pavilion, Tennis Courts, etc.

A New Hotel

The Natural Bridge Hotel (1,500 feet elevation) has recently been enlarged and rebuilt, most of the building being new. Wide verandas all around. Large rooms, clean and comfortable. Elegantly furnished. Felt mattresses. Private baths. Electric light. Steam heat. Large airy dining-room. Table bountifully supplied from hotel farm and garden. Excellent service. It is our pleasure to provide for the comfort and satisfaction of our guests. Hotel open all the year. A first-class Livery Stable is maintained by the management.

READ THE STORY OF NATURAL BRIDGE ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THIS SECTION.

Address for Rates, Illustrated Descriptive Booklets, C. H. PAXTON, Manager, Natural Bridge, Va.

FALLS OF ZAMBESI AND GREAT BRIDGE

(Continued From First Page.)

With the surroundings, and it is the intention of the people to keep it so. All of the land within a radius of five miles of the falls has been set aside as a public park, which is to be left as nature made it. Outside that radius is another of fifteen miles on one side the river, and on the other a block of forest fifty miles square, which will prevent farms or buildings of any kind marring the falls. In these woods no shooting is allowed. I have not driven of monkeys as I wandered from fall to fall, and at times have made my way in the very tracks in which hippopotami had traveled the night before.

Railroads and Hotels. Notwithstanding all this, the Zambesi Falls may be seen with almost as many comforts as Niagara. There are now trains de luxe, with dining cars, observation cars and bathing accommodations, which bring one from Cape Town or Belra, and the little hotel here, although it is built of galvanized iron, is almost equal to those at Niagara in comforts and prices.

All the rooms are on the ground floor, and some are well furnished. I have a suite of four, including a parlor, dressing-room, bedroom and bathroom. My apartment is lighted by electricity, and is cooled by an electric fan. The parlor is carpeted, and it boasts a piano. The rate I pay for myself and son is \$15 per day, which is not extravagant, considering that we are far off in the wilds. As to our meals, we have three every day, and in addition a cup of coffee on rising, and an afternoon tea. Our table waters are natives in uniform, and our chamberlains are black boys in white gowns.

On the Zambesi Bridge. But come with me and take a look at the falls. We shall first stroll down to the Zambesi bridge, which crosses the gorge through which the mighty river flows after it leaves the falls. You have probably heard of this bridge. It is the highest in the world and one of the biggest. It was made in England, and brought out here in sections and put together. It is 400 feet above the water, and it jumps from rock to rock in a span of 500 feet. The spray falls upon the cars of the Cape to Cairo Railroad as they pass over it, and travelers will have a glimpse of the falls as they go by.

Standing upon this bridge, a great river of mass of green rock rises before us. It bisects, as it were, the narrow gorge, and the whole flood of the

Zambesi boils and aethers below. The waters are yellow, and they look like a vat of steaming molasses. Opposite the tower is a vast mass of green, far down in a second gorge. It is made up of palms and other trees. It is known as the palm kloof, and is a great botanical garden, kept only by nature, and infested with monkeys and baboons. It contains date trees, tree ferns, baobabs and a jungle of smaller trees.

Leaving the bridge, we take our first view of the cataract from its eastern end. The way is along green paths, and the ground is so level that we cannot see the falls until we are close to them. The great river bursts forth all at once, and is dashing over the rocks, falling hundreds of feet, striking with a noise like a cannonade of artillery. Here the mist is so dense that we can see only one-third of the distance across. The falls are over a mile wide, and we can hardly catch a sight of Livingston Island, which lies in the center. Notice the rainbows? The sun is shining through the foam. There are rainbows above and below us. We can see some in the great gorge. One, 1,000 feet long, has stretched itself from wall to wall, about 300 feet, and where we are standing, it is a perfect bow, and its colors are more gorgeous than those of any rainbow I have ever seen. A child stood here the other day and asked her father why men did not lower themselves down by ropes over the rocks and get the great green island, which the fairies say are always found at the ends of the rainbow.

At the Devil's Cascade. Our next trip is to the Devil's Cascade, on the other end of the falls. The distance is about two miles, and we must cross the bridge and walk through the park. We frighten the monkeys, and strange birds fly about our heads as we go. A thick mist is falling, and we cannot see the cataract until we are right upon it. We sit down opposite the lip of the falls and watch the great rivers of water pouring over the black rocks in volumes of yellow foam. The Zambesi is now at its full, and it is consequently muddy. Right in front of us is the great pit into which its falls. It is a mighty cavern, hundreds of feet deep. We cannot see its bottom, for out of it is rising a column of white steam, as exists nowhere else in the world. The western end of the fall is cut off from the main portion by Cataract Island, which lies several hundred feet out in the river. The western cataract alone is greater than any fall in Switzerland; it is only a little section of the Zambesi, but if it could be carried to the Alps it would be one of the wonders of Europe. Which tourists would travel thousands of miles to see.

On Livingston Island. The most remarkable view of Victoria Falls is from Livingston Island, which divides the Zambesi in its center.

This island is on the very edge of the falls, and when the river is high there is hardly a perceptible mark of division, the great cascade of a mile wide, going down in an unrelenting sheet. It was upon the island that David Livingstone took his first view of the cataract in 1855. He reached the island from the upper Zambesi, coming down in a canoe. While there, he cut his initials and the date of his discovery upon a tree, and the letters and figures are still visible. It is so near that he also planted an orchard, but if so this has long since been eaten up by hippopotami.

Livingstone Island is so dangerous that it should only be made when the river is low. It is now much too high for safety, and had I been aware of the danger I should not have thought of making the trip. As it was, we several times narrowly escaped going over the falls, and upon our return the negro boys who paddled us had to get out and lift the canoe through certain of the shallow rapids to keep us out of the current. As it is, I esteem the excursion one of the greatest experiences of my life. I am, however, much like the proud Texas father who was strutting along the street the morning after his son had been born. He acted as though he owned the earth, and when asked what he thought of the occasion, he replied: "Well, I would not take a thousand dollars for this one, but I would not give a nickel for another."

The Zambesi above the falls is two miles wide. It is full of green islands, which are covered with a dense growth of papirus and small trees. The banks are low, and we see the spoor of many hippopotami as we made our way up the river. We did not attempt to cross until we were perhaps a mile above the falls, and we rode in our canoe far out into the stream before we attempted to steer us across down to the island. When we started the water was quiet. The current was swift, however, and the vapor of the falls could be seen rising in clouds. We had four canoe men, half-naked blacks, with bracelets on their arms and bands of brass wire tied about their legs between the knee and the calf. As we made our way on into the stream we could see little droves of hippopotami swimming about. They looked much like the rocks, and it was not until they raised up their black heads that we knew what they were. Our boatmen were afraid of them, and we paddled off to one side. We went by one boat, which threw its head high into the air and opened its mouth almost in our faces. I looked as though a side of beef had been split apart and opened in two halves. The teeth were as big around as my wrist, and I could see the great white tusks imbedded in the red jaws.

When we reached the middle of the river, the canoe men stopped paddling and began to steer. Our speed increased as we went down and we had great trouble making our way through the rocks. We soon came into the rapids of the spray. It fell down like rain. The thunder of the waters was now so great that we had to yell to make ourselves heard, and at times we seemed to be rushing right into the Devil's Cascade. After a number of narrow escapes we fought our way out of the current and came to the black rocks of Livingston Island. Here we fastened the boat and waded through the woods and across the pools to the knife edge of rock over which the Zambesi pours in its mighty cataract. If you could double the height of Niagara and make it twice its width, and then imagine yourself standing in the center upon a space barely wide enough for your feet with the raging torrent on either side, you might have my position as I stood there in the midst of the Zambesi. I was on a little section of bare black rock in the heart of that mighty cascade. A second glance and below me was a

mist so thick that I could see beyond it only when the wind came and blew it away. The water rose in great clouds, dropping down in a warm rain which, notwithstanding my rubber coat, drenched me to the skin. There were times when I could not see ten feet in front of me.

Then the mist would break, and I looked down into a bottomless pit filled with steam, which rose up in clouds and extended for a half-mile into the sky. I tried to take notes, but the negro boys, coming down my paper, obliterated the pencil marks and washing them off as fast as I made them. I shut my memorandum

book and put it into the pocket of my waterproof. When I took it out it was turned almost to a pulp. The water had caught in the pockets and I carried a pint or so with me to land. Holding tight to the rocks, I picked my way along the knife edge of the falls as far as I could, looking down now and then into the gorge, as the wind blew away the rain. It was peeping into an inferno, a howling, foaming, raging hell, that needed only brimstone and flame to fit it for the devil and the damned. I did not dare look long for fear an insane desire might come and make me jump into that boiling mass—down,

down, down into that wide gorge, up which the winds were hurling those clouds of spray. I cannot describe the beauty of the cataract. It is beyond description. The scenes change every moment and each additional moment seems more terrible and more grand. Going back, we had a hard struggle to land. The current down which we floated was impassable, and it was tough work to reach the places where the river was shallow. By wading and pushing, paddling and fighting the rocks, we at last got into smooth water, and tired out came back to the banks where we started.

We next explored the great rocks and which lie in front of the falls and

then walked through the rain forest. This is a jungle of woods on the other side of the cataract, where day in and day out, for the greater part of the year, the leaves always drip. They are wet by the spray from the falls, and one cannot go through and keep dry without rubber clothing. When the wind came our way the droppings turned to a shower. The vegetation was dense and at the breaks in the woods the sun found its way in and turned the spray to a veil of fine sparks like jewels, and here and there I could see little rainbows extending from one tree to another.

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And offers in return a great abundance of RAW MATERIALS in the way of Cotton, Wood and Grain, etc. Beautiful homes and home sites; most excellent schools; GOOD FACTORY SITES, WATER AND ELECTRIC POWER; COMPETING RAILWAY AND STEAMBOAT TRANSPORTATION.

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L. L. HATFIELD, Treas. L. B. HENRY, Sec.

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An ideal stock farm, being well watered and suitable for raising grass. The location is ideal, being in a neighborhood noted for its cultured people.

The timber has been conservatively estimated from one and one-half to two million feet. Price asked is \$11,000. TERMS OF SALE: One-third cash and balance in three equal installments.

For further information and particulars, address

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Best salt water bathing on Atlantic coast. Miles of board and grand walks; glorious drives through the pine forests. Look into the many attractions of Virginia Beach. For any information concerning Virginia Beach, address

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Farmville wants and needs a Furniture Factory. The different kinds of wood are here in great abundance; the labor is here in plenty; the site for such a factory is here; and the railroad facilities for marketing the finished product are here. And the town of Farmville is willing to help in a substantial way any one desiring to start such a factory. It would pay handsome dividends. Write the

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Investigate the bully good sites for furniture and other wood-working factories, for tobacco factories, etc. This town offers great advantages. Get full information by writing

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Manufacturers of the Mecklenburg Ginger Ale

A combination of ginger root and the famous Mecklenburg Lithia Water. A superior tonic—the constituting qualities of ginger being overcome by the alternative powers of the lithia. Of the Mecklenburg Lithia and Chloride Calcium Waters, Dr. George Ben Johnston, says: "Such a combination (of waters) does not, to my knowledge, exist anywhere."